THE PACIFIC

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LOVE.

Love bade me welcome, yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the
the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

—George Herbert.

Pacific Theological Seminary
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THE PACIFIC

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AN EVENT OF INTERNATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE.

The Calling of the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D.Litt., of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to the City Temple, London, is an event of international interest and significance. There will be found in The Pacific this week one of the sermons given by him in London in July, whither he went for four weeks' supply service. The City Temple people will assemble on the 14th of September to hear Dr. Newton's answer to the hearty call which they gave him.

For several weeks before Dr. Newton's arrival in London, The Christian Commonwealth printed sermons which had been given by him in his pulpit in Cedar Rapids, and the congregation which greeted him the first Sunday in July was beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Except a Sunday evening when the great veteran Non-Conformist, Dr. Clifford, preached, no such congregations had gathered since the pastorate became vacant by Dr. Campbell's departure to the Established Church. One hearer wrote concerning the first Sunday: "The incisive, epigrammatic style, the occasional pauses, the vigorous dramatic action, recalled the pulpit characteristics of Dr. Joseph Parker." Another, a minister, wrote concerning the evening service: "Picture it to yourself, my friend, if you were not fortunate enough to make one of the huge assembly that listened spell-bound to one of the most remarkable sermons that has ever been preached from the pulpit of the City Temple. If you have never been in the 'Cathedral of Non-Conformity,' it will be impossible for you to do this, for there is no scene quite like it in any other church in the world.

"The clock strikes the hour, and with the hour comes the man. A tall, broad-shouldered figure, with face pale and lips tightly set, ascends the pulpit steps and takes his seat in the historic chair. * * * The man is here whose sermons have done so much to enlighten the perplexed, to strengthen the tempted, and comfort the oppressed. The rapturous singing of the hymns is in itself an inspiration. There is a deep note of gratitude in the reverent chanting of the Lord's Prayer. And all the time the strong personality of the man in the pulpit is drawing nearer and nearer like the waves of an advancing sea.

" 'Let us pray,' says Dr. Newton; and the inward sweep of his arms is eloquent of his desire to gather that reverent multitude around the Heavenly Father's knee. * * * When he ended heaven seemed nearer than before. * * * The divine within the soul of the preacher had spokn to the divine within my own.

"Once again the voice of that worshipping multitude rose in a song of thanksgiving, and then the hour of revelation came. The preacher stepped forward to the pulpit desk; and for a moment it seemed as though his lip trembled as he met the gaze of that mighty throng. But it was only for a moment. In clear calm tones came the words which tell of the vision of Isaiah: 'In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord.' Then he closed the book, and without notes of any kind preached a sermon that stirred that vast assembly to its depths. It was a truly remarkable sermon for the beauty of its diction, for the breadth of its outlook, for the clearness of its reasoning, for the restrained passion of its delivery, for its spiritual insight, its devotional charm, its sweet reasonableness—and above all, for the spirit of the man that breathed itself forth in every word of its appeal."

This sermon, the second by Dr. Newton in the City Temple, is the one which appears in The Pacific this week. The first sermon, the morning one, was entitled "An Ambassador," and had as text the words of Paul, "Now are we ambassadors for Christ."

The prelude to the morning sermon was such as went at once to the hearts of his hearers:

"As a prelude to the sermon let me say how glad I am and how grateful to be in England, in London, and in the City Temple. Nor do I feel in any wise like a stranger here, least of all in this pulpit, whose influences I have felt and whose echoes I have heard as far back as I can remember. How could I be an alien in this company of kinsmen, in the dear Motherland of all my forefathers. Nor should anyone be a stranger anywhere who comes as an Ambassador of Goodwill in behalf of a fraterntiy of peoples, a deeper friendship of faiths and a closer fellowship of men and nations. * * *

"Thirty-six years ago—on Sunday evening, July 4, 1880—Phillips Brooks preached in Westminster Abbey. It was a memorable scene, and the sermon was worthy of the cathedral-like-soul of the preacher whose character was an altar and whose face was as a lamp of God lighting up the teaching of his words. The sermon had an epilogue in token of the day, in which the preacher asked his audience to offer a prayer of blessing on our great Republic—on its emancipation from slavery, its unconstrained religious life, its passion for education, its jealous care for the rights of the poor, its countless quiet homes, its wide gates open to the East and the West, its strange mingling of races, out of which a new race is being formed, its vast enterprise, and its illimitable hopefulness. Then followed these words: 'Because you are Englishmen and I am an American, also because here, under this high and hospitable roof of God, we are all more than Englishmen and more than Americans, because we all are children of God waiting for the full coming of our Father's kingdom, I ask you for that prayer.'

"Remembering that scene, and standing in the cathedral of the Free Churches of England I fain would offer for England in her hour of trial such a prayer as Phillips Brooks asked the men of the Motherland to offer for our Republic. It must be a prayer of praise for England and her rough island glory, for her grey heroic history, for her grand tradition of liberty and of law—a prayer of solemn thanksgiving that England, at infinite cost of

blood and sorrow and treasure stood firm for liberty, justice, and mercy, keeping the faith of civilization in an hour of tragedy and of destiny; it must be a prayer of petition that her arm may be strong to do the will of the Eternal, her State an organ of Divine equity and of human brotherhood; yea, a prayer for the mercy of God on countless broken homes, and his spirit of consolation on myriad human hearts wounded by the deep stab of war."

The Editor of The Pacific has read several of Dr. Newton's sermons and has it in mind to quote and comment on certain utterances therein in the next number of the paper in order that people may know better than most perhaps now do where to place him.

Surely he has made a great impression in London. The City Temple is a world-pulpit. He stood there in Dr. Parker's gown and thrilled his hearers — this man of thirty-nine years, from the little city of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. One of the younger members of the congregation, at a recent church meeting, alluding to a remark of Dr. Newton's, that some of his friends put labels on him that soon fell off, claimed that he could affix a label that would not fall off, because it truly described the man—"A Revealer of God."

Just as Dr. Newton was about to sail for home The Christian Commonwealth said: "Not for many years have such vast congregations gathered in the City Temple at eleven successive services, least of all in July, as assembled on the five Sundays and last Thursday of the past month. Dr. Fort Newton has made an impression and evoked a response such as no other preacher ever did on a first visit to the City Temple. Last Thursday, for instance, at the mid-day service the area was packed and the galleries had to be opened, little space being left then. * * * Twice on Thursday the congregation broke into applause."

"Should I come to the pulpit of the City Temple it will be with the sincerest brotherly love and the most abounding good will towards all my fellow-workers in England, of every name or order—the Church of England as well as every one of the Free Churches; not to break down, but to build up—an humble minister of the old eternal gospel of Jesus Christ. If I care less than nothing about sectarian differences—and that is literally true—it is only because I love the Church of Christ, which underlies all creeds and overarches all sects, more than I love my own life, and that I count as a member of that Church every sincere seeker and follower of the Master, by whatever name he may call himself, whatever propositions he may sign, many or few or none.

"A ministry simple but in no wise sensational; always positive, but never dogmatic; sweetly spiritual without being pietistic; practical, but not political; at once personal and social; as liberal in its thought as it is orthodox of heart; the one aim of which is to make the Eternal Christ real and vivid to men today—that is my ideal and my ambition, and I have no other. I am persuaded that the truth as it is in Jesus is equal to all our vicissitudes, all our calamities, all our problems, whether of war or of peace; that what we need now and always in England, in America, everywhere, is not a new religion but religion anew: a deeper realization of religion in personal experence, and a wider application of it in social, industrial and national life—the more so in a time when we live under the shadow of tragedy and look forward to baffling problems. That tragedy covers the whole earth. It is as a great Canadian editor came down to our university to say —Europe cannot climb Mount Calvary without every nation on the earth walking in Gethsemane."

At the close of the "farewell" at which Dr. Newton spoke these words and others "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" was sung to the tune of "God Save the King."

In June, after some sermons by Dr. Newton, printed in a Cedar Rapids paper, had found their way to London and had been read by members of City Temple congregation, and others had been printed in The Christian Commonwealth, a representative of that journal went out from Chicago to Cedar Rapids to see what was to be seen and hear what was to be heard.

A man physically big, with gentle ways, was found—having "all the modesty, almost diffidence of manner that so often accompanies erudition and large-mindedness." "The correspondent wrote: "It is delightful to find a church and a minister so deeply loved and admired by all the other sections of local religious life. They recognize that appeals differ and that Dr. Newton might well have a regular congregation of four or five times as many men and women as the six hundred his little brick church can hold without in any way interfering with the work or sphere of influence of the remaining forty churches; his conception of a church as a fellowship not of dogmatics, but of seekers after truth, draws upon sources in the community that the other churches never touch. There is harmony and no bitterness at all in the union of ministers of Cedar Rapids."

We close this article with a brief sketch of the ministerial career of this young American prophet said to have gone among the people of London like a modern Amos from the sheepfolds of Tekoa whose pointed sermons have brought comfort and help and strength already to hundreds of thousands and who is today enshrined in hearts all over England:

He was born July 21, 1876—son of a distinguished lawyer in Texas. Of his mother he once wrote: "A sweet Christian mystic who first taught me of the Eternal Christ." His theological training was at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; his first pastorate with First Baptist Church of Paris, Texas. Next he was the associate minister of the "Non-Sectarian Church," St. Louis, Mo. Going thence to Dixon, Illinois, he founded the People's Church in that place where he remained eight years. In 1908 he accepted a call to what has been called "a derelict church" associated with the Universalist communion. He soon put this on an independent basis and called it "The Liberal Christian Church." This was at Cedar Rapids where he has remained to the present time.

Dr. Newton has for several years been a popular lecturer at the State University of Iowa. He has written a Life of Professor Swing, the great Chicago preacher of the latter part of the last century. From time to time during recent years he has contributed articles to The Christian Century, of Chicago, representative of the liberal element in the "Christian" Church, otherwise known as the Disciples of Christ—greatly to the edification of its readers, says the editor.

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.—Carlyle.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF WORKINGMEN AGAINST THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

A labor organization in opposition to the liquor traffic is being formed in Minneapolis, and will assist in the fight for state-wide prohibition. The plan is to enlist thousands of members, and demonstrate that labor unions as a class are not, as it has been charged, in favor of the breweries and saloons. The first meeting to form a permanent organization was held in Minneapolis on Labor Day, Sept. 4, but the league will be recruited in other cities as well. D. A. Anderson, a railway trainman for 20 years, is the organizer. The membership roll says:

"The Employees Anti-Liquor Alliance is for the purpose of publicly and unitedly refuting the charge that the members of organized labor as a class are opposed to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and to discourage, in any and all ways honorable, the use of intoxicating liquor by all classes of employees."

"I am satisfied that three-fifths of organized labor would vote dry on a referendum," said Mr. Anderson. "Many unions have declared against liquor, such as the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and craftsmen everywhere are coming to realize the justice of employers' rules that only sober men be employed in their shops and on their railroads.

"We want membership cards in this alliance to signify that the member has put his morals, his position and his family above the liquor traffic."

The alliance will be made a nation-wide organization.

WHAT PROHIBITION HAS DONE FOR ARIZONA.

The Rev. Edward D. Raley, Secretary of the Arizona Sunday School Association, writes:

It has placed three million dollars in the banks of the state that was not there one year ago.

It has increased legitimate business by 25 per cent.

It has rendered collections better by 35 per cent, and reduced the number of bad accounts to the minimum.

It has reduced the cost of feeding and caring for criminals in the jails by more than 75 per cent.

It has reduced the number of penitentiary prisoners, according to Warden Simms, by 150.

It has reduced the number of boys in the state reform school by 50 per cent.

It has driven from the state a very large number of the criminal and deadhead class and has attracted many new citizens of the highest grade.

It has increased scholo attendance, advanced religious and philanthropical enterprises, reduced the problem of irregular employment, reduced the number of industrial accidents 14 per cent, and has been the direct cause of splendid and growing prosperity.

The Billy Sunday evangelistic meetings begin in Detroit next Monday. The Michigan correspondent of The Presbyterian writes: "Practically all of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist pastors and churches are in sympathy with the movement. There is no disappointment that the Episcopalian and Lutheran churches stand aloof. There is just a little disappointment that the Congregational ministers are hostile, one of them especially showing a pronounced antagonism, as did the Unitarians and Universalists of other cities. But we have learned not to count very much in evangelistic work on the generally 'liberal' Congregationalism of Michigan."

LIQUOR AND LABOR—FRIEND OR FOES?

Outline of Labor Day Sermon by Albert W. Palmer at Plymouth Church, Oakland, Sunday Evening.

I speak as the friend of organized labor. Only by collective bargaining can the working man secure for himself under present conditions anything like proper treatment or his just share of the product of his abor. One employee for example, is helpless against a railroad corporation, but a strong organization of all employees is not helpless. If men can combine their money into a great corporation, other men have equal right to combine into a great labor union. I believe that labor has sometimes made mistakes and been badly led. There are times when unions make excessive demands, and then the employers ought to oppose them. There have been times when organized labor has seemed to condone crimes of violence whereas the wisest labor leaders know that the cause has everything to lose and nothing to gain by violence.

Those Who Would Crush The Labor Unions Are Foolishly Short-sighted.

To destroy the measurably responsible labor union is only to drive underground a sense of injustice which will sooner or later break forth in the most unreasonable and revolutionary social rebellion. When relatively conserative common action in labor unions is denied the ground is prepared for the most radical kind of syndicalism and even anarchy. If you prefer the I. W. W. just destroy the A. F. of L. and the I. W. W. will come in to take its place.

Because I am a friend of organized labor I appeal for a fair hearing on the question of liquor and labor. There is just now a decided movement in the ranks of organized labor toward prohibition. Some say it is only in spite toward the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. It is certainly true that the liquor men in the Chamber of Commerce have not proved the friends of labor that they usually claim to be. But as a matter of fact the movement for prohibition has other reasons for its existence in the ranks of labor.

Have you seen the poster which says: "Think of the 293,000 men whose livelihood would be destroyed by prohibition." Well, lets think about it a few minutes. To begin with the figures are padded. It is not true that one man in every ten in California gets his living from the liquor business. But the convincing answer to this question is the actual results of prohibition right here on the coast. What has happened in Oregon and Washington? The so-called Grape Protective Association a few weeks ago issued a statement that prohibition had reduced rentals in Portland 66 to 80 per cent, that whole buildings were empty, business at a standstill and 40,000 people had left town because of prohibition. I repeat their statement because you may see it and be misled by it.

It is simply and absolutely untrue. I hold in my hand letters from the Chamber of Commerce, prominent business men, and the mayor of Portland himself indignantly denying the statements of the Grape Protective Association. The real facts are, these Portland men say, that rentals have not decreased though crime and disease have; that bank deposits and clearances are much greater; building

permits for June 1916 double those for June 1915; automobile business doubled, while school reports show an increase of population. I have similar and even more striking evidence from Seattle and Spokane.

Organized labor has inside information on what Prohibition does for the working man. Mike Doyle, business agent of the Riggers and Stevedores' Union went to Seattle and Portland on union business. He returned to San Francisco with the story that before they had prohibition up north the longshoremen never had money in their pockets, never had decent clothes on their backs while their children were without shoes and other necessities. "Now" said Doyle "the longshoremen up there have good clothes on their backs, money in their pockets, their children are decently clothed and they are starting savings bank accounts. Prohibition is the best thing that ever happened to them. I am for prohibition, and don't care who knows it." And the Riggers and Stevedores' union, 4,000 strong has adopted resolutions endorsing prohibition as has also the Water-front Workers' Federation representing 10,000 men and the Joint Council of Teamsters representing 8,000 and Electrical Union No. 150 with a membership of 1,000.

May I tell an Oakland story in closing? Every word of this is gospel truth. An iron moulder, with a union card, became ill. While ill his little wife and mother of his five children under twelve went out to wash to earn food for her children. While ill the husband got to drinking. He went back to work but the drink habit got him and he spent most of his pay Saturday night for booze. The little wife had to continue washing. One day she announced "My husband has left." The woman for whom she worked thought she meant he had deserted her, but she went on: "Yes he has gone to Oregon. He said liquor was ruining him and he was going to a dry state." Now what happened? In three weeks her husband sent her $70 which he had saved in Oregon. In two weeks more she paid all her debts with money he sent her. And two weeks ago yesterday this woman and her five little children sailed away on the "Great Northern" to join the husband and father in the dry state of Oregon! This is not fiction. I know every detail to be absolutely true. While we are "thinking" let us think about this story.

YOH HAN FU YIN.

W. H. Morse, M. D.

Influences Going Out from California.

In this centennial year of the American Bible Society much is being said of the striking advance in the circulation of the Scriptures in China. It is with no little pride that this is spoken of, and it is told that in consequence missionary work in China has been encouraged. Commenting on this, on the occasion of the observance of the centennial, a gentleman who has been for more than twenty years intimately conected with the promotion of the Bible cause, said:

"Yes, it is great, and worthy of the emphatic mention that it is receiving, but do you know that that which may well be styled hand-picking of fruit is not to be mentioned second to the general shaking of the trees!"

" 'What do I mean?' " he continued. "Let me tell you. I am interested in provisioning the emigrants in this country with the Scriptures on their return to their native lands. It is antithetical to the custim of welcoming them with the sacred volume on their arrival here. Of course this does not apply to all the emigrants. The German and Scandinavian already has the Bible in his pocket. The Turk and the Hebrew would resent it, and the Frenchman and Greek are not less resentful. But there is the Italian, deprived of it at home, and eager to take it with him for the friends who are as eager to see and hear it. And there, although at a distance from 'those of Italy' are the Chinese. Now a Chinese Bible or Testament taken home by the Chinaman, will not improbably do more good than a hundred weight of Bibles taken into China by the Society's agents. I advocate that no Protestant Chinaman should leave our shores for his old home without an equipment of Scriptures in his vernacular. I could give many interesting incidents to support what I maintain. Let me mention one or two, with which I am familiar, and which will be interesting news.

"About thirteen miles east of Laichowfu, Shantung, is a village where there is one man who is a Christian, and who is really a church. He knows no church, no ordinance, no Bible and the Holy Spirit, who Himself reveals the deep fellowship, no missionaries, no teachers, nothing save the things of this simple Gospel of our Lord. He is described by Mr. Lin, a Chinese colporteur and evangelist from Laichowfu, as being the most remarkable man he has ever met. It seems that some six years ago a Chinese Christian from Pomona, who was a zealous Congregationalist, returned to his old home in the Laiyang district, sick with pulmonary tuberculosis. He had a large print copy of the Gospel of St. John.

Soon after his return, he died, and the book, as 'something from America' was sold by the relatives to the old man who now possesses it. When Mr. Lin visited the village, this man disclosed himself to him as one who understood the message of Christ. 'I have the Yohhan Fuyin (John's Good News) that tells of the Jesus," he said, 'and I read it constantly.' He was told that there were other sacred writings, St. John's being only one of many, and that some of these would be sent him. He replied, 'Thank you, you need not trouble to do that. I do not care for the others. The flavor of this one is excellent. You need not to tel me to believe in the Jesus, for I have for five years read of Him in this book, and I ten parts (that is perfectly) believe in Him.' The old man did not know how to pray, and Mr. Lin taught him. Subsequently the Rev. E. L. Morgan, missionary at Laichowfu, sent him a large print Testament.

"Another California Chinaman returned to his old home in a Nosu village with a New Testament, and lent it around to the villagers to read until it became ragged and torn. Then he went to Yunnan to obtain a new copy, when, telling of this, a missionary went there, and found the whole village ready to embrace Christianity.

"In Manchuria, a short time ago, the Danish Lutheran ordained their first Chinese missionary, Mr. Yen. It seems that a way back in 1860 a copy of the Chinese Testament was given to a Manchurian by some one on one of the British men of war lying at that time in Talien Bay. For thirty years or more that book seems to have been neglected, when one day a woman of the household started to cut it up to use for wall paper. A man who was keen about 'storing up merit' (that is, preventing sacred characters from being wrongly used) did not relish the idea of seeing those characters on the wall, and gave her new rice paper for the book. Opening it, he saw the words Yohhan Fuyin

(John's Gospel), and showed it to a relative, Mr. Yen. The latter was greatly struck by the passage St. Matthew 6: 24-34. Subsequently he went up to Mukden for the government examination, and there heard preaching in a Congregational street gospel. In 1898, when the Danish mission began work near his home, and wanted a local preacher, he offered himself as having appropriated the Yohhan Fuyin, and embraced Christianity openly. He and his family became a power for good, and as I said, he was ordained a minister recently. I might detail other interesting incidents, all going to show that it is splendid wisdom to see to it that the Chinese Protestants have the Gospel in their hands as well as their hearts when they return home."

Hartford, Conn.

THE CHURCH AND WHAT YOU SHOULD PUT INTO IT.

Charles E. Jefferson, Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

The church is the interpreter of life, the consoler of hearts, the sustainer of the human spirit. The church is the organ through which the Christian religion speaks, the instrument by which it works. Religion has a high destiny, and therefore its temper must be noble and its behavior dignified and inspiring. It takes hold of the noblest portion of man's being, and if it be materialistic or mixed with charlatanism, how great is the havoc! A man wounded at the center of his being is a cripple indeed. A cheap and tawdry form of religion may interest the crowd, and satisfy for a season, but as life advances and burdens grow heavier, and the shadows lengthen, we need something august and glorious to keep us from fainting. The man who cheapens religion, and who trains men to think of it lightly is the worst enemy which religion has.

A church member ought to put into his church as much as possible. Before he thinks of asking how much he can draw out, he should consider how much he can put in. The putting in comes first. If he puts in, there is no danger of his failing to draw something out. The more he puts in the more he will draw out. Some never draw out anything because they put nothing in. How much are you putting in now? How much money? How much time? How much brain? How much blood of the nerves? How much sacrifice? A Christian is one who gives. What are you giving, and how much, and in what spirit?

Small churches are often agitated by quarrels and embittered by strife. Small communties are notorious for their bickerings and feuds. The smaller the church the more prone is it to fall the victim of the spirit of dissenion. Its members are thrown so close together that they repel one another. The danger in a great church in a great city is different. The supreme peril is indifference. People are so busy they have no time even to quarrel with one another. They live their life as though their brethren were non-existent. A man feels he is a good Christian if he drops in to service on Sunday morning and then goes off to remain until the following Sunday. He feels no sympathy with his fellow members. They contribute nothing to his life and he gives nothing to theirs. It is easy to repeat the phrases of Christian belief without grasping their meaning. We read in Paul's writings that we are members one of another, but it is hard to learn what that means. We find excuses for this indifference in the fact that we are very busy, and that we are doing all we can. No Christian understands the Christian life until he has a brotherly heart, and takes a living interest in his fellow church members.

The members of the Christian church must note carefully what is going on. Their business is not with the clouds, but with the social movements of their day. They must listen to the cries that are sounding across the world. They must adopt whatever new methods the new age calls for. They are not to stick in the ruts of methods found adequate a generation ago. They are to sympathize with new aspirations. The charge which the labor world makes against the church is not that it has openly antagonized the wage earner, but that it has looked on his efforts to rise with indifference and has failed to stretch forth a hand to help.

Conditions change and we must meet them. It is foolish to cry over them or to try to run away from them. God speaks to men through social conditions. We must take hold of things as they are. We cannot go back to things as they were, we cannot leap forward and live in the midst of things as they are going to be. We must grip the world as it is to-day, and try to make out of it a better world than it now is. The religion of Christ is sufficient for every situation provided it is incarnated in living men. Unfavorable conditions are favorable to those who can master them, and obstacles are opportunities to all who will bravely attack them.

A generation ago religion was conceived generally as a thing which pertained to the individual life alone. It can never be so regarded again. It is a thing of the common life. We are our brothers' keepers. We are related to one another. The pronouns in a Christian prayer are plural. We must organize as Christians to make our power felt.

City problems are all too vast for the individual Christian. Christians must unite to make themselves effective. The problems are too vast for the individual church. Churches must link themselves together to make an impression on the city's life. Even denominations are too small to combat successfully with the forces which now sweep through the world. The various communions must get closer together, and concentrate their united efforts upon the great tasks which the world needs to have accomplished.

WHAT PROFESSOR JASTROW OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA THINKS OF CALIFORNIA.

A representative of Town Talk, a San Francisco weekly paper, had an interview recently with Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, who was one of the Summer School lecturers at the University of Cailfornia. He said concerning California:

"I have been particularly impressed by the profound influence exerted by the older Spanish civilization on which the present American culture was reared, so far as this western slope is concerned. This influence is not always apparent on the surface, and perhaps it is clearer to a stranger than to a native. I find it everywhere.

"Like so many Easterners, the lures of Europe have made me feel that a dash across the Atlantic is a simple matter, whereas a trip across the American continent seemed a formidable undertaking. Indeed I felt when planning this trip as though I were undertaking a geo-

graphical exploration in distant climes; and even now, though I am getting more used to my surroundings, I feel frequently as though I am in a foreign country, so different are the aspects of life."

"Life is less humdrum here than elsewhere. There is a more romantic outlook on life. There is a buoyancy in the air which must not be confounded with mere hustling. In fact the hustling spirit which we of the East are apt to associate with the West is conspicuous by its absence. There is a tremendous energy but it is not feverish."

Professor Jastrow was quoted further: "The University library is a great library. The splendid reading room the finest I know of outside the British Museum."

THE VISION OF GOD.

A Sermon Given in City Temple London, July 2, By the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton.

"In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple."—Isa. vi. 1.

Nearly always in the life of great man there is one day, sometimes a single luminous hour, which gives the key to his whole career. If one would know the life of Luther, one must hear him singing on the Santa Scala, "The just shall live by faith." The promise and prophecy of his whole after-life were in that scene of awakening to the liberty of the soul in the freedom of faith. If one would know the spirit of Epictetus one need only hear him asking himself the question, "Who made thee a slave—Caesar or thyself?" There was the beginning of that heroic struggle for spiritual freedom in the midst of physical infirmity and social bondage, whereof we have such glorious record in his writings.

When time and strength permit, it means much to study the life of a great man in detail, to read all his books, to weigh and estimate his acts in the light of his age, following the stream of his thought from the sunny uplands of youth through the deepening years until it empties into his tomb. To study one man in that manner, as it has been my joy to study Lincoln, is to know much about all men, something of the meaning of life and the majesty of noble human living. But if time does not make room for that joy, a single shining hour, as has been said, will reveal the spirit of a life, its motive and its consecration, as Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address distilled into a few great and simple words the faith, the vision, and the passion of his life. Three chapters from "Sartor Resartus" will show us Carlyle in his critical period, struggling for his faith, fighting "the foul mud-gods" of his age, as the "In Memoriam" reveals the prophetic genius of Tennyson in its glory—for it will never be other than a marvel that in a poem written, for the most part, before 1843, he forefelt and foresaw the intellectual difficulties of the generation following. In the same way, the life of Isaiah found focus in an hour of vision in which he found his mission as a man, and his consecration and message as a prophet. Then was kindled what Burns called "rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire," and it was the light of God in a dark and troubled time.

For a time of crisis is not only shattering and unsettling; it is also creative and revealing, bringing to light new powers, new capacities, uncovering hitherto-unguessed resources, and developing new leaders. Hours of destiny are also hours of discovery, and as the old order passes, new leaders appear, as in France Joan of Arc came with her visions and voices in answer to a national need, an angel of victory in an hour of despair. Always it is so. In 1843 Margaret Fuller made an extended tour of our Union, north, south, east, west and paused for a rest in Chicago. Sitting by an open window overlooking Lake Michigan by moonlight, she wrote to a friend, likening the unstable and agitated condition of public opinion to the restless, formless, riderless waves of that inland sea. The great need of the nation, as she felt it, was for a man to match the hour, to command and control the events then portending. She wrote:—"When will this country have such a man? It is what she needs; no thin idealist, no coarse realist, but a man whose eye reads the heavens, while his feet step firmly on the ground, and his hands are strong, and dexterous for the use of human implements." So she mused in the moonlight, not knowing that a few miles away the man her prophetic pen called for was preparing, all unconsciously, for the hour and the mission then impending. It was Lincoln—tall, angular, homely eloquent—whose heart was true, whose mind was clear, and whose moral insight, while not a blinding vision, was as straight as a line of light. When the fatal hour came the man stood forth to meet it, measuring up to its opportunities and its overwhelming obligations, albeit unknown, save by a few, until he was revealed in the apocalypse of death. No more does England know the full measure of the men appointed to lead her in her hour of crisis; but time will show them in true perspective, as the mountains ask for the clearer light of distance to reveal their greatness. Times of public peril call into action many a brave and noble spirit which would otherwise be unknown, exhibit no example to the living, and bequeath no name to future ages.

Times of tragedy—times of torpor, even—by their very darkness evoke powers of insight, and liberate new forces of redemption, as the age which gave to the State a Burke also gave to the Church a Wesley. Always the masters of the spiritual life, whose names give new dates to the history of faith, have come in periods when the earth seemed swept bare of every footprint of divinity. So Savonarola came in Florence, and Francis in the Galilee of Italy, and Woolman in an age of apathy and slavery in the New World. And thus, amid the uncertainty and forebodings of the year in which King Uzziah died, it was given Isaiah to behold the King of kings who never dies, whose throne, high and lifted up, cannot be shaken, and whose awful holiness is the hope of humanity. Divine disclosures come, it would seem, in answer to the deep need of nations, unveiling the eternal order when the human order is unstable, and lighting the Lamp of God in the dark night of time.

Remember, too, where Isaiah was when the vision of the majesty and holiness of God was vouchsafed to him for the cleansing and comfort of his people. He was in the Temple; as we should say in the church; in the institution of religion. God is present everywhere, but men must learn to find him in one place before they can find him in all places—hence the high, ineffable ministry of the temple in the life of man. By a beautiful law of association certain places suggest if they do not evoke, certain trains of thought and aspiration; and those trains of thought, in turn, hallow the place of their birth—as so often in the

Bible a place of prayer or solemn dream became an altar, and finally a shrine. Just before sailing from my native land I visited the slowly rising cathedral of St. John the Divine which is to crown the Morningside Heights of New York City, the temple about which Lane Allen wove his lovely story, "A Cathedral Singer"; a story to break the heart—and mend it. Slowly rising on a rock, it stands for order in the streets, for order in the land, for order in the secret places of the soul; and the question came home to me whether in the rush and scramble of American life we have room for a cathedral. If so, the tragedy which that story tells will be less frequent, and the help which that mother sought in her sorrow will be nearer to heart. If not, our democracy is doomed to end in defeat and chaos.

How impressively, how eloquently has the Ministry of Places in the life of the spirit been taught me since landing in England! Surely, in this city of ancient temples, amid shrines of historic beauty and sanctity, men should be vision-led and God-inspired! Who can utter the thoughts that come thronging into mind when he stands, for the first time, in the grey old Abbey of England, thinking of the mighty dead who sleep there? Descending into the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, one looks upon the sleeping-place of Nelson, the mighty lord of the sea, and the tomb of Wellington, the greatest commander of the English race. What thoughts, what historic memories, what hopes come unbidden to the heart, recalling the day when first I stood in that other mausoleum at Springfield where rest the mortal remains of our prophet-President! The City Temple is also a shrine where the vision of God has shown in the face of genius, and his whisper has been heard in sweet voices whose echoes still haunt its pillars and arches. Here your fathers worshipped; here your mothers prayed; and here their sons made the great surrender which is victory, going hence into scenes of labour and peril—even into the trenches—carrying the light of God in their hearts! It is thus that places have power over our spirits, by virtue of noble associations, inspiring lofty thoughts and filling our hearts with feelings we can neither define nor resist.

What is the Church, and wherein lies its power and glory? In its ceremonial, its ritual its dogma? No: the Church is the House of the Eternal, "a home for the lonely," and its power lies in its deep, still, creative vision of God. What do the Churches of England need to-and theology has its abiding ministry of setting great ideas day more than all else besides, toiling amid conditions so strange and trying? More ritual, more definition, more doctrine? Nay, verily; albeit these things have their value, in order for the habitation and comfort of the intellect. But surely the sovereign need of the churches of England as of all lands now and always, is a profound, intense, exalting vision of the living God, that so they may be fortified for the tasks of to-day and for the vast problems confronting them on the morrow of the war. And just as surely the highest service of the Church to the State is to furnish still, strong men who have clear insight for a tangled time; men who can control a great democracy by the Word of God in their hearts, and his will in their minds. God grant us such vision as came to Isaiah in the Hebrew temple of old:—

> Then the Temple filled with cloud,
> Even the House of the Lord;
> Porch bent and pillar bowed;
> For the presence of the Lord,
> In the glory of His cloud,
> Had filled the House of the Lord.

Let us go further and ask how this vision came to Isaiah; not as to the divine process by which it was revealed, but as to the life of the prophet leading up to that hour. Jonathan Edwards—perhaps the greatest thinker America has known—was one day alone in the woods in prayer, and there came, as he tells us, "a view that was for me extraordinary of the glory of the Son of God"; and they called him after that the "new Isaiah." No doubt others were in the Temple with Isaiah at that very moment who saw no vision, as there were those who heard the Sermon on the Mount and saw only a sun-browned peasant-mystic; as there were some who listened to Joseph Parker in this temple, and thought only of his choice English and his picturesque oratory. Why did one man behold God on his high throne, awful yet gracious, while others felt only a vague awe, or else went away unilluminated? Because at such times much has been going on in the heart, unconsciously, and the right word, or event, brings it to a crisis—as in the Alps a shout will sometimes set an avalanche in motion. Isaiah came to the Temple bringing his historic faith, his inherited piety, the great tradition of his fathers, his education and his experience, and a sense of the prophetic life of his people. But he also came sorely perplexed at the distracted condition of his country, with a feeling of impending disaster, and, like the Psalmist, the problem was too much for him till he "went into the sanctuary." There his confused mind was made clear, and his troubled heart was exalted in the light of a flash bringing his whole being his whole life, to a glow-point in the august vision of God —the soul of his race becoming incandescent in its faithful and heroic son.

Often it is so. Wentworth Webster tells, in his "Gleanings in Church History," of a minister who asked a humble saint in his flock how he was led into the new life. The man replied that it was through hearing, in the lesson of the day, the words: "As the Lord of Hosts liveth, before whom I stand." The minister remarked that they were striking words, but he did not see how they could have made him a new man. "Don't you see, sir," was the reply, "before whom I stand—I felt myself standing before God!" Thus an old text lifted the veil at a moment when he least expected it, bringing him into the very throne-room of the Most High. Sometimes it is in deep sorrow, sometimes at the end of long, wistful vigils, sometimes in sin, the Unseen drops its veil and we are standing before God. William Wallace was made a patriot in a moment at the sight of a wrong done; so was Moses. Browning was right in his doctrine of the great, "eternal moments," when the whole life seems packed into a single hour of revelation and destiny.

But, while an hour of vision is all-transfiguring we must remember that not all men have such hours of insight and ecstasy. Upon some the truth does not burst in splendour; it dawns slowly. Zinzendorf, one of the most saintly of men, could name no one day when he gave himself to God —or, rather, no day when he had not done so. Nor could Francis Asbury, the evangelist of the long road. Nor could Emerson, in whom religion was as natural as life, and as quiet. Whether this sense of divine reality comes suddenly in blinding splendour, or softly as a sunrise—the spiritual growing up sweetly through the natural—it is the

one great human experience which unifies life, gives focus to our faith, clarity to our motives, puts a clear path before us, and a luminous universe round us. All that a man has thought, or dreamed, or done, his long study, his deep meditation, his practical acumen, his treasures of insight and experience are at hand, ready for the noblest uses, consecrated to the highest ends. Days of sorrow, books read, temptations, resisted, the discipline of hardship, the loves of life and the fellowships of years, all are united and exalted in a dedicated life.

Consider finally the meaning and purpose of this vision of the Eternal in a beshadowed time; and here the vision speaks to the men of our age telling them what they most need to know. God is with us, he is in us—in the heart and will and character of humanity—and the fulfilment of his purpose, in our human world, depends in a sense on our feeble, fumbling efforts. This truth has been taught us in our day, but, alas! in a way to obscure the truth of his transcendence, his superiority to the change and flux of time, and his awful yet loving sovereignty over the tides of human circumstances. "If there be a God, how can I be content to admit that he is other than myself?" asks Nietzsche. To such wild egotheism has the mad vanity of our age led. Surely, beyond that glib blasphemy human pride cannot go. No so Isaiah. No, no; in that awful hour he fell on his face, prostrated by an overwhelming sense of the purity and majesty of the eternal, grateful for the seraph wings that covered him from a light that blessed while it blinded. "Woe is me, woe is me; for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips!"

How unlike the strutting supermen of our day was that noble humility, that profound sense of moral unworthiness, that divine despair! If our visions make us vain, they are false fire that lures us into the bottomless bog! If our ideals ease the sense of moral pain in our hearts, they are lies from the pit! They are ghastly caricatures of a reality they defame and defile! Oh, how we need in this dark and tragic time the vision splendid, ineffable, all-cleansing, all-consecrating, that our hearts may be made pure of their vanity and our lips touched with fire! For, wrapped up in that dazzling vision, there was a commission of high, hard, heroic service to his country and his age. Truly this lesson is for each of us, gathered in this place of vision—that the mighty God may bring to birth in us the light of his truth, and the glory of his love, and make us fellow-workers with him in the redemptive making of humanity.

Have courage; we see the Morn!
Never fear, tho' the Now be dark!
Out of the night the Day is born;
The Fire shall live from the spark.
The world grows—yet not by chance;
It follows some marvellous plan;
Tho' slow to our wish the advance,
God rules the training of Man.

He doeth all things well; and He doeth them all at the right time, and in the right way and to the right people.—Alexander Whyte.

Is it not in conformity with all our thoughts of God to imagine that He has brought everything to pass by the simplest means?—Balzac.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION IN SAN FRANCISCO IN EIGHTEEN NINETY-SEVEN.

The International Christian Endeavor Convention which was held in San Francisco in 1897 was the greatest convention San Francisco had ever had up to that time. It brought not less than 40,000 visitors to the city and the attendance at the meetings totaled more than 300,000. The total registration was 26,418—11,224 from other states and countries and 12,694 from California. Illinois sent 1083 delegates. Palestine one.

Ten thousand children were in attendance one day at a meeting held especially for them.

We give here an excerpt from the report in The Pacific which was written by the present editor just before he took charge in 1897:

A more successful assemblage of the kind has never been held. The delegates are enthusiastic over the reception accorded them by San Francisco, and the delightful, uplifting mental and spiritual food given at every session. From the time the Eastern delegates entered the state their welcome was a most cordial one. At every stopping place they were greeted with songs of gladness, and sent on their way loaded with the flowers and fruits of fragrant, fruitful California. Sacramento will ever be a beautiful, sacred memory to the thousands who passed through her gates; for it was in that city that the welcome along the way attained the richness of its perfection. Day and night the members of the reception committee and their aides awaited the arrival of the trains at that city, in Oakland and in San Francisco. This city was beautiful with flags and bunting, and the incoming delegations were carried up Market street in the midst of decorations never surpassed in any city on the continent. About half way to Mechanics' Pavilion, the principal place of assembly, they passed under a grand arch, bearing the electrically illumined word "Welcome," and the Christian Endeavor monogram pendant in electric splendor from the center. From one end of this beautiful arch the words "Maine '81" greeted their eyes; from the other, "California '97"; and the monogram and the "Welcome" intervening, linked together the Atlantic and the Pacific. Typical this of what Christian Endeavor has done since 1881, and of what more in the way of sympathy and union the royal reception planned by the people of the Golden Gate might accomplish during the days of the Convention.

Fertile brains and busy hands had made the Pavilion a place of interest and beauty; and here the eyes of the vistors looked on rich and profuse interior decorations, while along the hall-ways attractive booths, arranged by different missionary and endeavor societies indicated the work done by the conscrated people of this Coast. Our Woman's Board exhibited curious articles from far-off lands in which our missionaries are bearing the banner of the Christ; pictures of ancient temples and of our own mission buildings adorned the walls, and maps indicated where our devoted workers were laying down their lives in loving service. Many a delegate took a dime from his pocket and replaced it by a pebble from the Pescadero beach in order that the children of the little Church there might send help to the needy orphans in far away stricken Armenia.

As prominent factors in the Christian development of the Pacific Coast, our Home Missionary Society, the Church

Building and the Sunday School societies, the A. M. A. and the Foreign Missionary Society had a tasty booth, which became quite a Congregational rendezvous.

By Wednesday night it was evident that the committee had done its work well, and everything was in readiness for an inspiring and profitable Convention.

When the hour for the opening on Thursday morning arrived, thousands of delegates were en route between Ogden and San Francisco, on belated trains. But in a short time after the doors of Mechanics' Pavilion were opened every one of the eight thousand six hundred seats was occupied by eager, expectant persons. Woodward's Pavilion was also soon crowded. The people from the Bay cities were out in force to greet their guests arrived and to send cheer to those delayed.

Interesting services had been held in many Churches Wednesday evening, at which addresses were given by prominent persons from the East; the day had been properly ushered in by scores of early morning prayer-meetings, but Thursday morning marked the formal opening. Devotional exercises first, of course; then came the welcomes by the committee of '97, by the Golden Gate pastors, and by the Lieutenant Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city —all fitting the occasion and the distinguished men who gave them.

Mr. Rolla V. Watt, in behalf of the Committee of '97, told of the prayers that had followed the delegates in their journey over the plains and the mountains to our Pacific shores. And then in behalf of the Christian organizations of the Golden Gate, for the sake of the Master whose servants they were and whose love is over all, he gave them hearty welcome. The Rev. Dr. Hemphill spoke for the pastors, and designated Dr. Clark as "The Peter the Hermit of the 19th century" going over the lands preaching a far holier crusade than those of the olden times, to whose mighty army California now unconditionally surrendered. His prayer was that a pentecostal blessing might come upon all, fitting for larger and better service. Lieutenant-Governor Jeter spoke in happy vein. He talked of prodigal sons and fatted calves, and assured the delegates that even an earthquake was one of California's ways of shaking hands. Nashville, Tenn., in the person of Rev. Ira Landrith, brought response to the greetings thus extended. He knew they were welcome, he said, for men who walked in the ways of Washington of hatchet and cherry-tree fame had told them so. The worthiest guest, he said, was the one who leaves a blessing behind. They came with the prayer that God might use them in helping those to whom they came, and through their service gain a blessing for themselves.

At Woodward's Pavilion, J. S. Webster expressed the hope that God would use the grand army of Christian workers in such a way as to send our people forth to more consecrated and effectual work. Dr. McLean told them that in looking on California they were looking on ultimate America; that on our Pacific shores would center the highest American civilization, and that we were glad to have the great heart of Christianity in this Christian Endeavor way laid, as it were, in our hands. Mayor Phelan welcomed all as co-workers in the common cause of doing good, and expressed the hope that many would soon come this way to help promote here the interests of our common civilization.* * *

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Thursday afternoon 26 denominational rallies were held. The Congregational was in the First Church, the presiding officer being Dr. Adams. This was a most enjoyable occasion. Very few saw many familiar faces, and yet it was a family-gathering affair, and a home-like appearance was with all. The general subject was "The Missionary Spirit in Congregationalism." Rev. Ralph Brokaw, of Massachussetts, spoke concerning this spirit in the Mayflower. He declared that he had never kissed at Plymouth "the Blarney stone of Congregationalism." Nevertheless, the subject did not suffer at his hands, and the missionary spirit of those who came across the stormy waters to lay the foundations of our Christian civilization had proper recognition and laudation. Dr. Adams, who did much to make the rally a very interesting one, by saying the right things at the right times all the afternoon, pulled out of his pocket at the close of this address a fragment of Plymouth Rock, and gave Mr. Brokaw opportunity to do on Pacific shores what he claimed to have neglected on Atlantic; and as he kissed the stone, applause rolled over the audience room. The Rev. Dr. Selah Merrill, for many years Consul at Jerusalem, graphically portrayed the results of the missionary spirit in foreign lands; and Dr. Dickinson, of Berkeley Temple fame, Boston, showed the adaptability of Congregationalism for the evangelization of the city. Rev. W. H. Temple, of Seattle, spoke concerning the fellowship in Congregationalism. With Episcopal and Methodistic antecedents and early training, he presented himself as a true Congregationalist, and showed in interesting ways how our polity is everywhere commending itself to the people. When, at the close of these remarks, the persons present who had entered the Congregational from other Churches, were asked to arise, there was everywhere manifest surprise at the large number. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, of Detroit, rounded out this happy meeting by an address which made all realize that in Congregational circles they were in the best company now as in the past. At each division of the subject opportunity was given for discussion, and apt remarks came from all parts of the crowded room. At the close of this rally there occurred the reception by the Woman's Board in the Y. M. C. A. building to about 200 invited guests. Mrs. F. E. Clark brought the regrets of Dr. Clark because of his detention, and impressed upon Endeavorers the necessity for more enthusiastic giving to missions. Missionaries from different countries were present, and added to the interest by remarks concerning their work.

A NOTEWORTHY PASTORATE TERMINATED.

Begun in 1903—Ended in 1917.

We omit our "Looking Backward" article this week—in regular sequence, and lead our readers back from 1917 to 1904 when the Rev. George Atkinson was installed as pastor at Campbell, and also make note of some of the concluding events of the pastorate which was terminated recently.

The Rev. E. S. Williams, as "Aloha," wrote to The Pacific in November 1904:

"Rev. George E. Atkinson was installed in the pastorate of the Campbell Church, Tuesday, November 22. The service occupied the sunniest hours of a golden day and was full of gladness. President McLean guided the exercises as moderator for his former pupil, whose wise and

thoughtful paper showed the growth a sincere young minister surely makes who loves God and serves men. Rev. W. S. Patchell preached the inspiring sermon. Rev. C. W. Merrill gave a wholesome charge to the pastor. Rev. C. C. Kirtland presented the hearty hand of fellowship. The prayer was by the father of the pastor whose glad mother was also present to grace the inspiring occasion. Father Windsor gave an appreciative charge to the people. The bow of this beloved Nestor of our valley churches abides in strength.

"The greetings at the mid-day lunch were a real feast of fellowship.

The occasion had one peculiarity. The church stipulated that it should not be deemed necessary to call a council if the pastor and people chose to terminate the relation. This, the common sense of the moderator allowed, though it was unusual. About the last thing Aloha would undertake to do would be to urge a ruling on church or pastor. The same liberty which allowed them to suggest such an arrangement would, in his judgment, permit either of them to change their plan for a good reason.

"The sweet atmosphere of the loving church was full of wide western sanity and heartiness. We believe that Pastor Atkinson has come to stay; and his predecessor nobly stays up his hands."

The Rev. C. C. Kirtland, the scribe of the council, wrote in his account of the installation: "About fifteen years ago a small company of men and women decided that they wished to organize a Congregational church at Campbell. They asked the Rev. William Windsor, who was on his ranch a few miles distant, if he would come and preach for them. Dr. Windsor had come to California from a prominent work in Iowa, in poor health, with the injunction of a physician never to preach again. But he finally decided to become the leader of this little band, and for fourteen years has served them faithfully and well. Certainly the church at Campbell, which now numbers 106 earnest, cultured people, is evidence of a wise leadership. A little over a year ago, Dr. Windsor, being 73 years old, felt that he must give up the work and Rev. George E. Atkinson was called to be the pastor. During a year of service Mr. Atkinson had by his earnestness and ability so won his way into the hearts of the people that they desired him to become their permanent leader."

Mr. Kirtland concluded: We congratulate both pastor and people upon this happy union, and trust that this delightful spot in the beautiful Santa Clara valley will be the scene of a noble work for the Master in the years to come."

On the 15th of December under the caption of "A California Pastor's Theological Statement" The Pacific printed the paper which was read by Mr. Atkinson at the time of the installation.

In the third paragraph of his paper the candidate remarked: "I do not understand that this council is to examine into my fitness for the Christian ministry nor into my calling for the same. That was done at my examination for licensure while a student in Pacific Theological Seminary, and also at my ordination some years ago in Washington. I am rather to show what may be expected in my preaching and teaching as Christ's minister."

It was stated also in a preliminary way:

"What I present today must not be taken as my final statement. That which I hold today may be changed or modified as the years come and go. I am ready to follow God's truth as he gives me additional light. I fully believe, however, that that light will lead ever nearer evangelical Christianity and a more sincere and humble devotion to the Master."

It was stated, however, that he fully expected that the outline then presented by him would be his working basis with the church for several years.

The last Sunday Mr. Atkinson was with the church at Campbell, before going to enter on the work at Martinez, he reviewed the thirteen years at Campbell. Among the things said by him in his farewell talk was this:

"Thirteen years does not go back to the creation of the world, but it strains the mind about as hard to recall it all. So dim, so blurred, so unreal, so impossible a great deal of it seems now. That young fellow that came to you then, so new, so like the color of the leaves; and then this man with his grey hairs, somewhat autumn-struck—can they be any relation to each other? Do the processes of evolution involve annihilation?

"If this face with its lines telling of all the chisels of experience that have carved it, could look into the face as it was, would the two recognize each other? Then the work—the older man sees the work of the younger man he once was, and says, 'Did I ever do that? Is it possible I said that?' He mourns no more his vanished years, except that they left traces in their vanishing. 'Let no man despise thy youth.' You will do that yourself after a while. The young man, which this man once was, once looked at an old man such as he might be some day, and wondered 'will I ever be like that?' May be the house of the soul changing every week of years, did not change oftener than the soul itself.

"Am I the man I was when I came to you? That must be one of the other times when I was in the world. For I know that I am the stronger man for these years with you, for which same I thank you."

Lovingly noting some of the delinquencies of some of the people Mr. Atkinson closed thus:

"And then the memories of your splendid faithfulness; who can ever forget your fine loyalty! Our 'Rainy-day club,' as I have called it. What an inspiration to know that I surely would see your faces Sunday by Sunday. And those others whose home duties kept them at home at times, yet could absolutely be relied on! I have learned this. Those who were so splendidly faithful to Dr. Windsor are the ones who have been so splendidly faithful since. There seems to be a noble trait of character in you that will prove itself just as splendidly with the next pastor as with me. God bless you all in this. The memories of meeting with the 'Children of the Lord's Supper,' the one hymn sung every three months for years, may it grow in sweetness till the chorus is repeated in the 'Home, Sweet Home' of over yonder."

I hold not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill, and all things are not well, but all things shall be well, because this is God's world."—Robert Browning.

Christ fed no idle curiosity about unseen states and places. He has done no more than others to tell your fortune. He has simply given you a life to live whose fiber is permanent, immortal, eternal, a life in which you can rejoice always, whatever the world you live in.—John Franklin Genung.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Bay Association will meet with Bethlehem Church, San Francisco, next Tuesday.

Last Sunday a young railroad man and his wife were received into church membership at Redwood City, and their two children were consecrated in baptism.

There will be no meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday. The following Monday there will be an address by Dr. Gandier of the Anti-Saloon League.

Three persons were welcomed into the fellowship of Park Church, Berkeley, last Sunday. The Sunday school is large and is a very helpful and hopeful branch of the work.

Rev. W. W. Willard, who supplied so acceptably the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco for six months, has been engaged for the remaining Sundays in September.

Among the themes announced by the Rev. Bryant C. Preston of the Congregational Church at Palo Alto for September is this: "What Difference Does It Make As to What You Believe?" That is an evening topic. One for the morning is "The Place of the Cross in Our Age."

The Rev. Dr. Goodspeed of Oakland has been invited to supply the pulpit of the Central Union Church at Honolulu for a time, and will take departure for that city this week. Dr. Goodspeed has supplied the Central Union Church before and is popular in Honolulu. Perhaps a call to the pastorate may grow out of this trip.

The Rev. J. M. Schaefle, pastor of the Pico Heights Congregational Church, Los Angeles, is spending a few days in San Francisco and vicinity. Mr. Schaefle is having the longest pastorate in Southern California, having taken charge at Pico Heights in 1890. A good preacher and a good pastor—the people are greatly attached to him.

Large congregations greeted the Rev. Dr. Brooks of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley Sunday morning and evening. Wednesday evening a reception was given Dr. and Mrs. Brooks in the church and they told of their delightful experiences in Hawaii. Dr. Brooks is to speak at the Bay Association, Tuesday afternoon, on "Impressions of Hawaii."

The Congregational Church at Pittsburg is the joyful possessor of two new lots valued at $2,000 each. They are adjacent to the one on which the church building stands and are just what is needed when an edifice adequate for the work is constructed. They hope to have the new building ere long. The lots were a gift from the company that laid out the town site a few years ago.

Professor R. R. Lloyd, formerly of Pacific Theological Seminary, is announced as one of the speakers at the meeting of the Bay Association next week. Looking through the files of The Pacific for 1902 last week we came across the following which was a part of an editorial note: "Professor Lloyd is one of the ablest of Greek scholars and has by his researches while connected with the seminary thrown not a little light on many passages of scripture. He is able and popular also in the pulpit." The evening address at the Association will be given by Professor Lloyd.

PACIFIC GROVE.

The beautiful pipe organ just installed is proving to be a treasure. Everybody who hears it seems to be pleased with both its musical qualities and its appearance. On Friday evening, September 1st, a splendid organ recital was given on it by Dr. Louis H. Eaton, organist of the Stanford Memorial Church, and the dedication of the organ took place.

The church is feeling keenly the loss of an unusual number of faithful members who have moved away from town; notably Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bunker, who have moved to Los Angeles. Mr. Bunker for years was the president of the Church Board of Trustees and also of the City Board of Trustees.

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field, one day in June
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall,
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck,
Just in the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although the gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the Robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows keep me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

—Sarah Orne Jewett.

Tercentenary Sunday

October 15, 1916.

Aim of the Day

To Explain the Tercentenary Program.
To Impress Its Importance
To Lay Plans for Its Accomplishment.
To Launch Its Activities.

How Use

Union Meetings When Desirable.
Sermons on Fitting Themes.
Sunday School Exercises.
Printed Matter Distributed.
Plans for the Year Discussed.

Available Helps

Leaflets, Posters, Responsive Services, Study Book, Cuts., etc., are ready for distribution.

The Tercentenary Program 1916-1920

1...To Study and Proclaim Pilgrim Convictions in terms of Present Day Thought and Needs.

2. To Add 500,000 Persons to Membership of Congregational Churches.

3. To Increase the Number Enlisting Yearly for the Ministry and Missionary Service.

4. To Reach the Apportionment Goal of $2,000,000 of Mission Gifts per Year.

5. To Create a Great Permanent Memorial Fund. Nature and Amount to be Decided by Next National Council.

A GREAT PIECE OF TEAM WORK.

FOLLOWS 'FUNDAMENTAL LINES.

CULMINATES AT TIME OF INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL, 1920.

The Tercentenary Commission Earnestly Invites Inquiry

Hubert C. Herring,
William W Scudder, **Secretaries.**

Fourteen Beacon Street
Boston, Mass.

The Home.

WHAT THEY THINK.

Oh, little pathway winding down,
Why run to meet the grimy town?

"Your way is clean, unpressed by feet,
And blossoms line your border sweet.

"No discord breaks upon your hush
And you may hearken to the thrush."

"Don't pity!" cried the road in wrath,
"I lure that city up my path."

"Oh, little stream of dancing glee,
Why run to meet the roaring sea?

"The great ships never plow you through,
The green trees bend to look on you.

"Unknown to you is bitter brack,
The sunshine lights your deepest track."

"Don't pity me," the brooklet said.
"I lure that ocean up my bed."

—McLandburg Wilson.

MARGARET'S SUPERLATIVE DEGREE.

I am utterly at a loss to know what to do next—how to break Richard of the habit he's fallen into lately—of telling such untruths," and sister Margaret, who had been at the head of the little family since her mother's death, looked appealingly at Aunt Harriet for help.

"I've done everything, but this habit of his seems to be growing upon him, rather than otherwise. What would you do, Aunt Harriet, in my place? As I said before, I've tried —everything."

"Every-thing?" remonstrated the older woman, gently.

"Most—everything, I'm sure," asserted the boy's sister, pedplexed at her aunt's questioning tone. "What would you suggest that I haven't tried?"

Aunt Harriet drew her chair nearer to where her niece was sitting.

"You will not be offended with me, dear," she asked slowly, "if I am candid with you, and if what I say seems a little heartless and—hurts?"

"Why—why, no, Aunt Harriet," in a tone of surprise. "But—"

"Then, dear," interrupted her aunt, "I'd try one thing you haven't tried—not since I've been here. I'd practice restraint—myself—along the very line you have been criticising Richard."

"You don't mean to imply," and Margaret's face flushed painfully, "that I am guilty of the very same habit that I am trying to break Richard of?"

"Precisely that."

"I—I don't understand," pressed Margaret, mystified. "I don't tell falsehoods."

"Not intentionally, I am very sure. And yet, after all," continued Aunt Harriet, laying down her sewing, "the result is the same."

"Still I fail to see to what you refer," pondered Margaret, the flush on her face slightly deepening.

It couldn't be that her aunt had ever detected her in a falsehood. The very thought of such a thing aroused in the girl a feeling of fear.

"It is this way, dear. Your fault is what I would call a fault of overexaggeration. Perhaps some might call it a superlative manner of speaking."

Margaret slowly began to perceive that to which her aunt was referring.

"Only this morning, while we were at breakfast," reflected Aunt Harriet, "after you had cross-questioned Richard on the story he told, regarding the fall of the carpenter from the roof of the new Baxter schoolhouse, you spoke of the thunder shower we had last night.

"If I remember correctly—and I made a mental note of it—you declared with all truthfulness that it had rained hogsheads, through the broken pane in the west kitchen window. While, as a matter of fact, I doubt if there—"

"I—I know that was an exaggeration, and everybody would regard it as such."

"It may be," replied Aunt Harriet. "But it was just as far from the strict truth of the matter, as what Richard said about the new minister's driving to Portland, which you recall, disturbed you so much.

"Then, last evening, and I came very near speaking of it at the time, you declared to Richard, and they were good —no mistake about that—that he had eaten as many biscuits at a single meal, as ten hungry soldiers could."

"But that—that was fun."

"Yes—but was it the truth?"

"On Sunday—I am sure I have made no mistake—when you got home from Church, and it couldn't have been more than ten minutes after twelve, you complained that Dr. Armstrong had preached a half day over time.

"I wonder, now, if your example may not have some influence—perhaps altogther unconscious he may be of it—on Richard's habit, which is becoming such a trial to you."

"I—I am afraid—so," returned Margaret, suddenly convinced of the effect which her own shortcoming might have had on her brother. "But I am determined to state things in the future exactly as they are—in the positive degree. Then we'll know."—Adelbert F. Caldwell in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

HOW THE RAVINE-SIDE WAS CLOTHED.

There are some delightful Norwegian landscapes in Bjornstjerne Bjornson's writings, pictures of rushing mountain streams or serene hillside lakes, and the opening chapter to his novel, "Arne," translated into English by Walter Low, gives a charming description of the clothing of the bare mountain slopes.

"There was a deep ravine between two of the mountains; through it a full-flowing stream rushed heavily down over bowlder and crag. High was the bank on each hand, and rocky, so that one side stood barren and naked; but close to the stream and so near it, that in spring and autumn it shook its spray upon them, were green patches of forestgrowth,looking up and around, and finding room

to throw out their arms neither here nor there.

" 'What if we were to clothe the ravine-side," said the Juniper one day to the stranger Oak, that stood nearer to her than all the others. The Oak looked down to see who it was that spoke; then looked up again—and held his peace. The stream worked up so mightily that its waters were foamy and white; the North wind dashed into the ravine, and roared amid the rocky rifts; the bare mountain hung sadly over it.

" 'What if we were to clothe the ravine-side?' said the Juniper to the Fir, on the other side of her. 'If anyone's to do it, it may well be we,' said the Fir; he grasped his shaggy beard, and looked across at the Birch. 'What do you think?' he said.

"The Birch looked warily up at the rocky wall: so heavy it lay over her, that she scarce felt able to draw breath.

" 'Let us clothe it,' said the Birch; and there was none other to help than these three, so they took it upon themselves to clothe the ravine-side.

"The Juniper led the way.

"When they had gone a little bit of the distance, they met the Heather. The Juniper was about to go by. 'No, let's take the Heather too.' said the Fir. So the Heather went with them."

On they go, overcoming all the difficulties, not a few, put in their way by the Mountain and the Streamlet, "growing more and more, right up over the side.

" 'What's all this about now?' said the Mountain, when the summer sun rose above them, and dew drops glittered on them, the birds sang, the woodmouse piped, the hare frisked hither and thither, and the ermine hid himself with a shrill cry.

"Then came the day when the Heather got one eye over the edge of the mountain wall. 'Oh, how lovely, how lovely, how lovely!' she cried, and on she dashed.

"Dear me!' said the Juniper, 'what can it be that Heather sees?' and she pushed on till she too could see over. 'Oh! how beautiful!' burst from her, and she, too, sped on. 'What's up with Juniper today, I wonder?' said the Fir, making long, quick strides beneath the summer sun. Presently he stretched up on his toes and peeped over. 'Oh, how glorious!' he cried, all his leaves and prickles standing on end with amazement; he struggled up over the ledge, got a firm footing, and was off after the other two.

" 'What can it be they all see there that I can't?' quoth the Birch, lifting her skirts well up, and tripping after them. She got her whole head above the ledge all at once. " 'Oh, look, look!—if there's not a great wood of Firs and Heather and Juniper and Birches upon the common there waiting for us!' cried the Birch, shaking her leaves in the sunlight till the dew drops trickled sparkling off.

" 'Yes,' said Juniper, 'that's what comes of going on!' "

For The Children.

THE KINDNESS CURE.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" the canary sang from the shelter of the morning-glory vines outside, where Mildred had hung him for a taste of fresh air and sunshine.

"I can't, Dickie bird. There isn't a bit of 'cheer up' in me this morning, and that is a fact," Mildred said, tucking a bit of plantain inside the bird cage, which Dickie pounced upon at once.

"I thought everything was going to be lovely this year, now that you've got your own particular chum here to stay with you. Mother might have boarded Charlie Rogers just as well as Lota Tremont, only for your coaxing," Tom put in from the hammock, where he lay digging his heels into the gravel path as he swung to and fro.

"How do you know it is anything about Lota? I didn't say so," Mildred replied.

"Oh, I can see through a stone wall. Why didn't you go with her to Stony Point to-day, then? Girls are always getting grouchy and jealous over every little thing."

"Much you know about it," Mildred retorted, retreating into the sitting room, where grandma sat beside the pleasant front window with the mending basket.

"Tom is so horrid," Mildred wailed, throwing herself down on the floor beside her.

"Tut, tut, dearie! Are you sure you aren't looking for horrid things this morning? You know we nearly always find what we are looking for. Tell grandma what has started things going wrong, and maybe we can find a way to set them right."

"Oh, grandma, it is our room. Lota will throw her things everywhere. I have picked them up for her and put them all away every morning since she has been here until this morning, and now I've just left them. I couldn't go to Stony Point for thinking of that awful room. Why, she is going to stay a year, grandma! I can't possibly pick up her things a whole year, can I?"

Mildred leaned her head dolefully against grandma's checked apron, and grandma's wrinkled hand patted her shiny braids consolingly. It was such a comfort to tell grandma things. She never said, "I told you so." Mildred felt better already.

"Couldn't you?" grandma said, softly. "Maybe she would learn how unjust and unkind it was to leave her work for some one else to do, in a great deal less time than a year; and if she learned it, don't you think it would be a valuable lesson for a girl who hadn't any mother to teach her real homey lessons?"

Grandma waited a little while for Mildred to think the matter over.

"Yes, I suppose so. But, oh, grandma, I'm so afraid she wouldn't learn. Why, she throws her shoes and stockings under the bed; and the dresser is just covered with her ribbons and ties and soiled collars; and the chairs—every one is just actually loaded."

"Yes, I know, dear. But then again, suppose she does—it is just as easy to suppose that, you know. Wouldn't it be worth while? Just think if you had no mother to teach you to be neat and orderly, and other people did not think it worth while!"

Mildred's face softened. "I'll try a while longer, anyway, grandma," she said.

When Lota came back tired and dusty from her trip to Stony Point she rushed upstairs and threw open the door of her room—and there she stopped! Everything was put away neatly, and the room was so sweet and clean and peaceful it looked a fit place for the dainty bouquet of roses which stood on the dresser, and which duplicated themselves in the big glass, and smiled her a double welcome.

She drew a deep breath of their delightful fragrance, and turned to Mildred.

"Was this the reason why you could not go to-day, dear?" she said, meaningly.

A little flush came into Mildred'c cheeks, and she came and put her arm about Lota's neck. "I like it this way best, don't you?" she asked softly.

"Like it—why, it is too dear! It always makes me impatient when everything gets muddled up, as it was this way best, don't you?" she asked, softly.

"Like it—why, it is too dear! It always makes me impatient when everything gets muddled up, as it was this morning, and then I just shut the door and rush away and try to forget it. But I'll help you keep it this way after this, sweatheart. You shan't stay at home to pick up my things any more," Lota said, returning the hug with interest.

"It is going to be worth while, grandma," Mildred whispered softly to grandma when they went downstairs, and grandma smiled.

OUR CLUB.

We're going to have the mostest fun!
It's going to be a club;
And no one can belong to it
But Dot and me and Bub.

We thought we'd have a Reading Club,
But couldn't, 'cause, you see.
Not one of us knows how to read—
Not Dot nor Bub nor me.

And then we said a Sewing Club,
But thought we'd better not;
'Cause none of us knows how to sew—
Not me nor Bub nor Dot.

And so it's just a Playing Club;
We play till time for tea:
And, oh, we have the bestest times!—
Just Dot and Bub and me.

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